

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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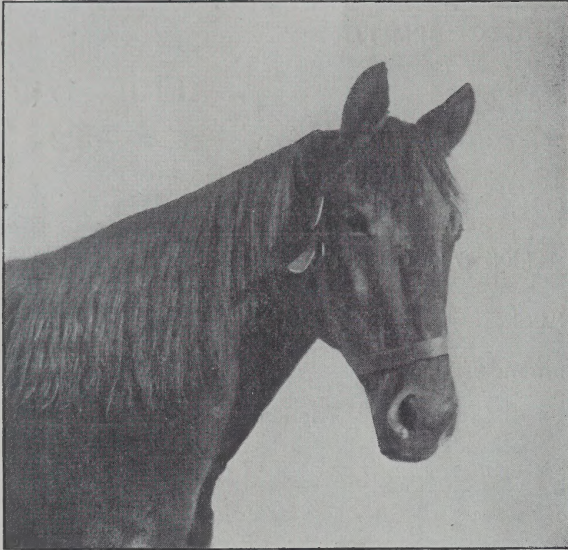
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WE RESCUE HORSES BEFORE THEY REACH THIS MISERABLE STAGE.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HUMANE WORK



ROBIN, AT PINE RIDGE.

The Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses is at 238 Pine Street, Dedham. It is a Country Annex to the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Boston.

The Animal Rescue League, of Boston, was organized February 9, 1899, and incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts in March of the same year, the purpose of the League being to care for lost, homeless, suffering and neglected animals.

From the beginning of the work it was the intention of the League to include horses in its care, and in the first annual report, given in Park Street Church, February 9, 1899, and afterward published, an appeal was made for funds to start in connection with the League, a Home of Rest for Horses.

In 1901, the president of the League announced publicly that promises had been given her, of money amounting to \$5,000 for this purpose, and a search was begun to find a suitable place as near the city headquarters as was consistent with the work. While looking for a place, cir-

cumstances arose which blocked the plan for about three years, but in the spring of 1907 a very desirable place in Dedham, including a barn and care-taker's cottage, was found, and purchased through donations given by some of the interested members of the League.

The Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses was opened the summer of 1907. Since that time vacations have been given to about forty-five working horses, the time varying from two weeks to three months.

If the owners of these horses are able to pay anything towards their board they are invited to do so, but in the large majority of cases the men are not able to give anything and do well if they spare their horses for a rest.

The accessibility of this place to Boston and its suburbs renders it particularly desirable for vacation purposes. Men can take their horses there in the evening, or on Sundays, without interfering with their work, and we have rarely had a case of a horse not able to walk the six to ten miles, which is the average distance from which horses are brought. The horse owners, particularly the cab drivers, frequently visit their horses on Sunday afternoons, often bringing their wives and children with them, and we have reason to know that the influence of the place has been good.

So greatly do the calls increase for us to give horses vacations at Pine Ridge that there is pressing need for more funds with which to carry on this branch of the League work. Last summer we purchased seven additional acres close to Pine Ridge, and added to our stable six stalls, but we have not been able to fence in these new acres, or to provide facilities we should have for watering the horses. It is to help us in improving conditions at Pine Ridge that Mrs. Fiske is giving us a Benefit.

Another part of the work of the League is the purchase of horses that are too old, or unfit for other reasons, for further work. Our veterinary doctor, Frank Sullivan, purchased or persuaded owners to give up to us during the year of 1909 186 horses and saw that they were mercifully killed near the place of purchase, thus preventing them from being sold again or driven, when not really able to walk to the abattoir. Through

our Home of Rest for Horses we have discovered a number of horses unfit for labor that otherwise we could not have found, and have seen that they were put to rest.

The following letter was published in the Boston Transcript in March, which we have been requested to repeat in Our Fourfooted Friends.

Rescue Work for Horses.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Will you allow me space to correct an erroneous impression in regard to our work for horses. In your issue of March 19, in an article headed "Fifty Dollar Horses," it is stated that the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has "taken over" the work the Animal Rescue League has been doing at the auction rooms through its veterinary doctor, Frank Sullivan.

This statement is not correct. The work, which was originated by the League about six years ago, will be continued for the present. It consists in sending Dr. Sullivan to the horse markets near the North Station twice a week, to watch for horses that are put up for sale when unfit for labor, and to purchase such horses at three and five dollars. Our idea in doing this was and is to get immediate possession of the horses, and to see that they are humanely killed without delay near where they are purchased. By this means many horses unfit for work have been secured that otherwise would have slipped through the auction room or sales stable into the hands of horse dealers and been sent up into the country to be worked to death.

In 1907 the Animal Rescue League was instrumental in getting a law through the Legislature forbidding the sale of old and disabled horses by auction, but, as every one knows, a law is of little use unless it is enforced, and we found that while fewer old horses were displayed in the auction room sale, watchful care was still necessary to prevent such horses from being passed from hand to hand. Therefore we continued our work in order to secure the horses that the law would not always condemn.

Last year Dr. Sullivan secured 186 horses that he considered unfit for work. Many of these

were brought into the auction room or one of the sales stables that we have kept under observation; a few were taken from outside the city, and others were met with on the street in harness and followed up until secured. As a rule the prices paid have been and still are \$3 to \$5. Dr. Sullivan has now become so well known by the horse dealers that they often notify the Animal Rescue League when old and disabled horses are brought to them to be sold, and if the doctor cannot be present at the sale the horse is "knocked down" to the Animal Rescue League without waiting for any agent from our society to appear. We are then notified and we send for the horse before the day closes.

We consider that we are doing this work so well in this particular part of Boston that for the present it is best to continue it, leaving the very wide field of sales stables in other parts of Boston, in South Boston, Chelsea, and in places at greater distances like Brockton, Fall River and Lowell, where there is great need of such work, to the State society. There is work enough of this kind to keep a much larger force of men employed than any one society could spare. The field is wide and we are only attempting to cover one small portion of it. We have been frequently called to look after horses in other neighborhoods or towns, but only occasionally, when there is some special reason for it, have we gone outside our limit.

Another wrong impression that I have heard stated recently in regard to our work is that the Animal Rescue League is spending the money we receive keeping old and useless horses in our Home of Rest at Dedham when they would much better be killed. This wrong impression probably had for a foundation the fact that we have taken at various times old and disabled horses into our Home of Rest because in that way only could we induce their owners to part with them. In every instance we have kept these horses only long enough to give the owner time to be convinced that the horse was past his usefulness, and we have then had him humanely killed on the place. Occasionally circumstances have been such that we have felt it our duty to go outside of the city, as for instance when we were called to look at the horses belonging to a

Malden express, where fourteen horses were in very bad condition. We succeeded in getting seven of these horses and having them humanely killed. Three of them were taken to our Home of Rest before the owner was willing to sanction their being killed; one only was returned to the owner.

We received a horse last Saturday from West Roxbury from a man whose horses have been complained of by humane residents for the last year or two, but have not been considered in bad enough condition to be taken from work. After five visits to the stable where the horses were kept, and much argument, our agent succeeded in getting the owner to let him take one of the horses complained of to Pine Ridge, where he will be kept until we can get full possession of him. We do not mean to let him go back to the misery he has evidently been enduring for at least two or three years, but if we have to keep him even for one month in comfort at Pine Ridge we do not think, after his many faithful years of unrequited service, we show any weak sentiment in so doing.—Anna Harris Smith.

Count your failures but not your successes. You cannot surprise God by the amount of good you can do . . . Work how you will, you cannot be perfect, and if you were you could only be what God made man before sin came. . . . To do less than the best we can is failure for each of us, and the best we can all do together is very little compared with all there is to be done. Faith, Hope and Charity are all we have to help us, all we can ask of Heaven. . . . Not to help, not to believe, not to hope, even during one moment, is to fail in that moment.—F. Marion Crawford in "The White Sister."

Protection from Flies.

The summer brings torments to the horses through the plague of flies. A safe and sure



COMING IN FROM PASTURE IN A PINE RIDGE PADDOCK.

protection can be provided by this mixture: Pennyroyal, 1 oz. of essence—add one pint of olive or rape oil and shake it thoroughly. Sponge the animal lightly with it and it will keep off the flies for the whole day.

He Got the Bird.

Dr. Bagby, the crack shot, while quail hunting, killed his pedigreed setter, worth \$100; severely wounded a fine dog belonging to a brother hunter and got the bird he shot all at one shot.

Dr. Horace Fletcher prophesies the passing away of meat as a common article of diet, and justifies this by citing its alleged ill effects. "This no-meat agitation if persisted in long enough," the doctor said, "will result in the practical elimination of meat as a diet product. It is my firm belief that meat will cease to be eaten in America in the next ten years. By the continued eating of meat there is in time produced a condition known as auto-intoxication, which is akin to alcoholic poisoning and just as fatal in its effects. Meat is in no wise needed in the economy of the body. In every test I have made it has been found to be positively deleterious."

**CARE OF OUR
USEFUL FRIENDS**

In the October Supplement of *The Animals' Friend*, the editor offered a prize for the best short story based on the Humane School picture entitled, "We all love play — Don't chain your dog all day." The competition proved popular and over seventy papers were sent in. Two were bracketed for the first place. We give one of these below:

Don't Chain Your Dog all Day.

Jock was an Irish terrier and belonged to a farmer, who had several other dogs, but Jock did not see much of them; poor doggie, he was always chained up in the yard. The other dogs were sheep dogs, and helped to fetch in the cows and sheep; they were wanted so often that they could not be chained up, but nobody wanted Jock. He was the house dog, and his owners foolishly thought (when they thought about him at all) that if he were not chained up he would not look after the house properly, but would want to be running about and playing all day. As if Jock did not know his duty! Why, he never let strangers come to the house without barking! And he could have looked after it much better if he had been loose.

As for the farmer's two children, Katie and Bob, they never thought of taking Jock out, and if any of their friends (who were more kind-hearted, and felt sorry for the dog) suggested that they should take him out, they would answer: "No indeed! he is only a dog, and would spoil our fun; we don't want him." But they often played by the pool themselves, and Jock would sit outside his dirty old kennel and watch them, and pull at his chain till he was exhausted, and had rubbed all the skin off his neck with the collar (which was too small) to try and get to them, and if he whined to make them understand how dreadful it was to be chained up, they would get angry and throw stones at him till he crept back into his kennel. Poor old doggie, he had no one to pet and love him.

One very hot summer's day Jock was lying outside his kennel, when two boys came along; they stopped just in front of the yard where Jock was chained up, and started throwing sticks into the pond for their dog, a black and white terrier, to fetch. Oh, how Jock longed to be playing with them; he pulled at his rusty old chain, and tried in vain to get free; he was afraid to whine, lest they too might throw stones at him. At last one of the boys looked round and saw Jock. "Oh, Harold," he cried, to the other boy, "Look at that poor dog." Jock heard him and understood that he was a friend, so he began to bark and jump about. His mistress, who was passing gave him a kick, so poor Jock crept into his kennel. The boys begged that they might be allowed to take him for a run, and promised that they would bring him back safely; but the farmer's wife would not hear of it, and told them roughly to go away; so they went back sadly to their home, resolved to ask their father to buy Jock and let him live with them.

And Jock was left chained up, wondering when he would see his friends again.

The next day, what was his delight to see them coming along the path with their dog and a strange gentleman; he was very surprised to see them go through the gate up to the house, and still more so when presently they came into the yard with the farmer, who was saying, "Very well, sir, yer shall 'ave 'im; hi don't suppose as 'ow, 'e'll be much good to yer, but o' course hif yer'll give me ha sovereign for 'im, hi won't be likely to refuse hit." With that he went up to Jock and took the chain off, and then the boy called Harold went up to him and began to pat him; seeing how tight the collar was, he took it off and gave it to the farmer, then calling Jock, who was perfectly wild with delight, they all went off with Mick (their dog). When they got home Jock was given a good feed, and that night he and Mick shared a mat in the kitchen. Now Jock is as happy a dog as could be found anywhere, and with two such good masters, and Mick for a playfellow, he has nearly forgotten the dreadful time when he was chained up all day in a yard! — Winifred Smith (age 13 years).

What Every Horse Owner Should Know.

Horses that are working hard every day as well as those that are kept in the stable should have a bran mash at least once a week. The horse in regular work should have his mash on Saturday nights.

To make a bran mash the bran should be stirred in boiling water like cornmeal mush. Put in it a little salt and a cup of molasses. Cover the pail up tightly to steam, then let it cool sufficiently to be eaten with comfort.

Feed a bran mash warm but not hot enough to burn the horse's mouth or he will not touch it again. Bran mashes regularly given prevent constipation and other ills.

Experienced horsemen have proved that horses are better nourished when watered before feeding and again two or three hours after.—From the *Farm Journal*.

Horse Shoeing Rules.

1. The foot should have only so much horn removed from it at each shoeing as is necessary for the proper fitting of the shoe, and no more.

2. The frog should take a bearing on the ground, but no other part of the hoof should be weakened to give this healthy action.

3. Shoes cannot be too light if they give sufficient wear.

4. The width of a shoe need be no more than is necessary to cover the bearing surface.

5. Nails are the most secure and simple fastenings for horse shoes, and a properly driven nail never does any harm.

6. The most important requisite in horse shoeing is the adoption of a correct system, not the use of any special form of shoe.

7. All shoes should have a level bearing on the foot, extending from the toe to the heel.

8. The ground surface of a shoe should follow the form of the ground surface of an unshod foot which has traveled on a level road.

9. No better form of shoe exists than a narrow one, made rather thicker at the quarters than at the heel and toe.

10. The proposal to affix shoes on feet (without nails) by broad projections into the hoof and by pressure round the wall is impracticable and injurious.

11. No advantage follows the retention of shoes on a foot for more than four weeks, as the growth of the horn in that time produces a disproportionate hoof. If in this time a shoe is not worn out, it should be removed.

It costs more to keep a poor horse than it does a good one.

Change the feed of your horses often enough to make them relish it.

Improper feeding is the cause of nine out of ten cases of sickness among horses.

Every time you worry your horses you shorten their lives and days of usefulness.—*London Live Stock Journal*.

Vanity which may Cause Pestilence.

An argument lately advanced against the wearing by women of the plumage of certain birds, makes a strong appeal to philanthropic feeling. The marabou storks of India are that country's most industrious and useful scavengers. The good work in street cleaning done by these birds is to a large degree preservative of the health of the people in the cities of India. Conditions in those towns are notoriously unsanitary, and under present circumstances it is necessary that the marabous be allowed to increase, rather than diminished in number. The popularity of the feathers for the making of boas for women has caused havoc among the marabous. During the past two winters vast numbers of the birds have been killed for the sake of their plumage, so that the species has been threatened with extermination. Should this actually happen, the death rate from fever in summer in India would mount with great rapidity.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

We have just received the report of the Morris Refuge Association for 1909. Fifty-four thousand seven hundred and seventy-two animals were cared for during the year. This included the work done in the Germantown, Kensington and Frankford sections. The Refuge boarded 185 cats. A new lethal chamber was built during the year, which is very satisfactory. The Refuge received a number of bequests, which were much needed, as their work is a very large one.



BUNNY — A LIFE SAVER.

**FOR YOUNGER
READERS****A Cat Incident.**

"Bunny Emerson," has added one more proof to the claims of intelligent reasoning in the animal world. He is the admired pet of the Emerson Home, where he enjoys the freedom of the entire house, taking his naps on top of the piano, my writing desk, on the mantel over the fireplace, curled up in the clothes hamper or stretched along the window ledge. He is master of all situations that arise in his kingdom and dictates with a good deal of discrimination what cats and dogs shall be peacefully allowed in his domains. He lacks the element of fear to such a degree that he spends but little time or thought in dodging enemies or strange foes.

Last January he performed his star act of intelligence which certainly gave evidence of almost human wisdom. All the members of the

Home had retired for the night, except one who had not returned from the city. The lower hall light, which has an electric attachment, was left burning. When the member returned he shut off the light, as he supposed, and immediately went to his room on the third floor. But it seems the valve was not closed. This was about half past ten o'clock and all the doors opening into the halls were closed. The writer, who is the manager of the Home, sleeps on the second floor in a room near the bath-room. There were ten people in the Home at this time.

About twelve o'clock I was awakened by a noise in the bath-room; thinking it was some member of the Home, I gave it no further thought and fell asleep again. Soon another noise awoke me. It was of a chair being moved in the bath-room. Then a noise sounded in the hall. Again in the bath-room cabinet that comes to the floor, articles in it rattled. Almost instantly again there was a noise in the back hall, the moving of a screen. By this time I was convinced the noises were unusual and had risen. While slipping into my bath-gown I heard scratches at the door of my room and the knob of the door rattled. I at once opened the door and there stood Bunny in a state of great excitement. The hall was filled with escaping gas. I opened windows hastily in the upper hall and bath-room, while Bunny kept close at my feet, seemingly anxious that I should follow him down into the lower hall. I started in that direction and he ran in front of me down the stairs and stood beneath the gas-jet and, looking up excitedly, lashed his tail from side to side as if about to spring up at the fixture. I opened the front door quickly as possible, after turning off the gas at the fixture, and Bunny ran out into the fresh air.

Examination showed that the cat had moved the screen and the chair, in the bath-room, had opened the door, which was unhasped, into the bath-room cabinet and moved several articles there, and had left his marks on the door leading into my sleeping-room in his efforts to awaken me. He seemed to make no effort to arouse any one else. Had the gas continued to escape two or three hours more, a terrific explosion would have been inevitable as a small gas jet

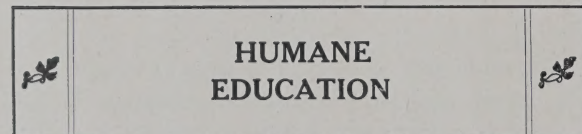
was burning in the bath-room and there was no vent for the gas.

In my own mind I am convinced that Bunny reasoned there was danger, and that his excited condition was not due to the effects of the gas, but to alarm. However, it stands as a testimonial of animal intelligence which borders closely upon the human.

Bunny was a waif kitten who fortunately came to the door of Mrs. G.—, one of the kindest hearted women I ever knew. I remember the first time I saw him, thin, neglected, cold, and weak with hunger. It seemed the most merciful thing to give him chloroform to end his misery, but Mrs. G. fed him, warmed him, gave him an old shawl to lie on and in a week he was a lively, bright and playful kitten. When I went into the Home she gave him to me. In many ways he is remarkable, for he never cries for food, or to go out or come in, but he sings for all his wants. We never call him in the usual way of calling cats, but he comes at once when we whistle for him.

The finest thing in this bit of cat history is the moral. Mrs. G. did not know when she took the half starved, unsightly kitten into her home that he was to become the hero of a noble action or that an incidental act of kindness to a four-footed outcast should meet with such a reward.

No life is so poor, so limited, so obscure, but some opportunity is daily given for a good deed. Lifting another's burden makes us strong, and we lose our hunger when we begin to feed another. While we are trying to awaken some bit of harmony in some songless life we open fountains of melody in our own.—D. E. Croft.



The report of the Rochester, N. Y., Humane Society shows that an excellent educational work has been done. Mary Searle Sage, Superintendent of Humane Education, gave during the year one hundred and sixteen lectures in schools, churches and settlement houses.

April Twelve is appointed as "Humane Day" in the public schools of Massachusetts.

This is the greeting of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, the new President of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to the pupils in the public schools of the State:

"Many times, while he was living, the former President, Mr. Angell, sent his message to you, assuring you of his unfailing friendship, laying upon your hearts the sacredness of the great cause to which he had given his life, and seeking to win your interest in every endeavor of men to cultivate the spirit of a noble humanity. I am asking you, as his successor, to believe as sincerely in my friendship, and to share with me, and with those associated with me in these two Societies, in our efforts to lessen the sum of cruelty and unkindness, both to man and beast, that exists among us. With you, as helpers, each of you a lover of fair play, a defender of the weak, a champion of the ill-used and unkindly treated, there is almost nothing we might not do in creating a public opinion throughout the Commonwealth that would make deeds of inhumanity and cruelty almost unknown within our borders.

"Not less important to you, my dear friends, than the studies you are pursuing, are the virtues of kindness, unselfishness and good will toward all your fellow-creatures in the wide world of life. Even of greater worth to you are these fine characteristics of the soul than any purely intellectual attainments can ever be without them. You will grow, I trust, to hate all war because of the consciousness that will deepen in you that all men are brothers. You will, also I am sure, come to treat with gentleness and consideration all the forms of life below you,— the beasts and the birds, because of their claims upon you for justice and mercy as children of the same creative will as you, and possessing rights which we are bound to respect and guard."

The Daily Sketch published in London, Paris and Glasgow has the title page of the March 21 issue covered with illustrations representing the protest of the people against the removal of the statue of the brown dog erected at Battersea Park in memory of a dog that suffered

much under the scientists' knife and died after serving different doctors for two months as a victim for experiments. The illustrations show a procession made up of carriages, dogs, children on their ponies and banners with various mottoes, one of which is Tennyson's words,—
"Hold thou no lesser life in scorn."

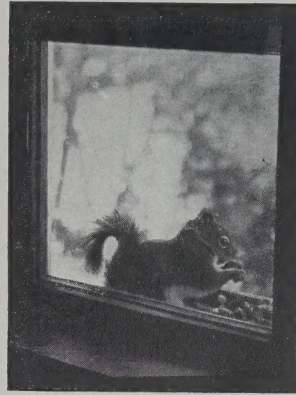
Bungalow Notes.

Pine Ridge, Dedham.

March 27.—This has been as beautiful an Easter Sunday as any one could wish for. In the forenoon I went for a walk in the woods and fields with the dogs. For Easter music I had the pleasure of listening to song sparrows, blue birds and robins. Occasionally the blue jays and the crows threw in a discordant note, and there was one noisy duet between Tino and Tina, our two little red squirrels, who seemed by their excited chatter to be having some disagreement.

John Burroughs says, in *Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers*, that "red and gray squirrels are more or less active all winter though very shy." We have not found them shy. They have come every day for some weeks to our bird table, close to the bungalow, and taken their fill of cracked corn; sometimes five of them have been around the table at one time. One of the red squirrels, Tino, comes up the side of the bungalow and sits on the window sill, where he has a special private table, and hardly turns his head to look at us as we go near the window.

Speaking of the squirrels, I found the following part of a letter written by the Man-of-the-Bungalow and have stolen it. He wrote: "We had today a most interesting visit from the two red squirrels, Tino and Tina. While I was looking out of the window where the squirrel table rests on the window sill, Tino suddenly appeared, and as there was a goodly array of peanuts and filberts on the tray he set to at once and was having a delightful feast when Tina came into view on the rock below. She sat up and folded her fore paws across her breast and looked for all the world like a sleek, fat prima donna of a somewhat Jewish cast of countenance as she rolled her black eyes around



TINO.

and finally caught sight of Tino. I think this was her first view of the table, for Tino hitherto has been scrupulously careful to keep this find to himself, although we have often seen him carry nuts away, presumably for his mate. Now Tina saw it all, and her wrath was something amazing.

She sputtered at a great rate, calling Tino everything she could lay her tongue to, and Tino, with what I imagined was a wink to me, went calmly on eating nuts. But Tina was not to be so easily disposed of. With a final energetic sputter she leaped to the ground, and in a moment I heard her climbing up the corner board of the bungalow. Three times she leaped for the window sill, and three times she fell back, being heavy and clumsy compared to the wiry and alert Tino. She circled the rock two or three times, and then climbed to the top, evidently discouraged. Then it was that Tino gave an unexpected exhibition of conjugal solicitude. Leaning out over the edge of the table, he looked down at her and began to call in a sweet, high trill like the trill of a bird. Then he dropped the note an octave and trilled again, and this he did several times. It was for all the world as if he sang:

"Sw-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-t,
C-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-me!
Sw-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-et,
c-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-me!"

"But Tina knew her limitations and would not try again, and Tino resumed his feast. For some reason, however, the nuts did not seem to taste as good as before, and when he came upon an especially large and choice filbert he took a nibble or two, then paused apparently in deep thought, then he looked over the edge of the table once more, took the nut in his mouth, and clambered down as fast as he could go, and when he came again into view he was hurrying down the ledge after Tina. Let us hope that he made his peace and that hereafter the two

may be able to enjoy the feast in company, for one of the first things I am going to do tomorrow morning is to put up a ladder from the board walk to the window sill, so that lady squirrels of a somewhat lethargic and adipose tendency may reach the desired goal without too much exertion."

The downy woodpeckers, the juncos and the chickadees are as bold as the squirrels, and pay but little attention to us when we go out on the veranda. Today, when we were sitting on the corner of the veranda nearest the bird table and the "suet tree," the beautiful little downys were feasting on the suet fastened in the cedar tree almost over my head.

It was pleasant to sit there and hear the church bells calling in the distance and, as the Man-of-the-Bungalow said, "know that you haven't got to go." He further remarked that he did not know that it did any one any harm to go, though it satisfied their sense of duty, perhaps a little too easily, and left them with the feeling that they had nothing else to do to be saved.

It is difficult for one who stops to think, to understand these observances of church and creed. Easter seems so closely related to new bonnets, spring suits, rabbits and chickens, that the religious meaning is almost obscured. Without doubt it makes a pleasant festival and holiday; whether the world is any better or kinder for it, who can say?

The test Jesus gave was not that his followers should attend church regularly, but, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

These questions troubled my thoughts a little as I sat on the veranda of the bungalow looking across the meadows, the Charles River sparkling in the morning sun, to the hills beyond; then a blue bird lighted on a tree near by and trilled out the sweetest melody, which immediately brought uppermost in my mind two verses I have long had stored away in my memory:

"The robin and the blue bird sing
O'er meadows brown and bare,
They cannot know what wondrous bloom
Is softly budding there;
But all the joy their hearts outpour
Seems pulsing in the air.

"Oh, while beneath the snowdrift buds
The flower we love the best,
And on the wind-tossed bough the bird
Still builds its happy nest,
Praise God for all the good we know,
And trust Him for the rest."

That was my sermon. I felt better after it, and calling the dogs I started on my walk.

In our walk I found that the wild columbines are starting up between the rocks in the little cemetery below the bungalow. The periwinkle is fresh and green under its warm bed of dry oak leaves. On the rockery under my windows we discovered two or three dear little ladies' delights in blossom. As the Man-of-the-Bungalow called me to come and see them, Nora made a rush for them and poked her long nose down into the ground before we could tell her she was trespassing. We found a bed of poppies coming up, and the barberry bushes are showing signs of life. What a joy springtime is in the country!

We visited the horses. From the bungalow windows we could look down into the orchard where our ambulance horses were enjoying a Sunday holiday. I saw them when they came out of the barn and were let into the orchard about nine o'clock this morning, and it did my heart good. First they ran at full speed, Rolfe, the younger horse, going at a great pace round and round the edge of the paddock as if it were a race track, and kicking up his heels as he went. Rolfe is only about five and a half years old, and it is easy to understand what a day of perfect freedom must mean to him. Ready is at least eight years old. He is not quite so full of youthful spirit, but he runs and rolls as if he enjoyed it as much as Rolfe. After they had run and raced and rolled and grazed they both lay down at a little distance from each other. Ready stretched himself out flat, his head lying on the ground, in blissful and perfect relaxation, and so both horses rested in the sun for a long time.

There could not be a better illustration of how deeply horses appreciate a little change from city to country than we have every week in Rolfe and Ready. In the city they have box stalls, and the kindest care, but this does not satisfy the natural longing every living creature has for freedom. On Saturday afternoons they

start for Dedham. When they get within about two miles of Pine Ridge, they are so eager to reach their vacation home that their driver has about all he wants to do to hold them in. They are like happy children having a picnic in the country.

Strolling by the small paddock close to the stable, we paused to look at the pathetic figure of an old gray horse, with his hair off in spots all over his body. He also was lying down stretched out in the sun. We could only get this forlorn, suffering creature away from his owner by offering to give him a vacation, yet he never should go back to work. Probably for years he has not known such rest and comfort and care as he is now having.

In the back paddock this Easter Sunday, six other horses have been enjoying themselves, and as for the Pine Ridge dogs, Old Bobs, Poodlums, Dusty, Fido, Fluffy, Nora, Trixy, our bungalow guest, and a newcomer, a Great Dane, who has been burdened by the Man-of-the-Bungalow with the name "Seraphina Copplethwaite" (for wha reason I cannot imagine), they all, as usual, seem running over with the joy of living.

Watching the happiness of these, our "humble associates," who are so often thoughtlessly deprived of all that makes life pleasant and desirable, I could not help wishing that more, much more of the Sunday lessons could be on the subject of universal love — love to all created things, not a special, particular love for the thing we happen to fancy, but a principle, a religion, teaching the sort of love which will make every one who has any desire after right living and right thinking be careful not to cause unhappiness to any of his or her fellow creatures, whether it be man or beast, and even to go farther than this, to try to make all the happiness possible for all less fortunate beings in this world where happiness is altogether too rare. Such, it seems to me, was the principal teaching of Him who rose from the dead on the first Easter morning.— Anna Harris Smith.

Anyone who will ride behind a tired horse or a lame horse is a partaker of the guilt of the man who is the owner of the horse.



REX.

Rex, a beautiful St. Bernard owned by Mrs. John Ritchie, Jr., died last week. He was a notable dog and an obituary paragraph appeared in nearly all the papers. He was a beautiful creature, but that was not the best of it for he was as intelligent, affectionate and devoted as he was beautiful.

One of the interesting features of his life was the kind attention that he gave to a kitten that Mrs. Ritchie took from the Animal Rescue League and that came down with distemper. He watched over that kitten most tenderly and lapped her face when she was sick and showed her sympathy in every possible way. During his illness this kitten, now grown to be a handsome cat, and Mara, the black Pomeranian that Mrs. Ritchie took from the League, both showed the greatest solicitude for their splendid companion, and often went to him as he lay in his bed, and lapped him and nestled between his paws to give him companionship in his absence from the rooms where he usually roamed about in their company. Since his death Mrs. Ritchie says that both the dog and the cat seem to be almost inconsolable and appear to be looking for him all the time.

Rex's body was carried out to Pine Ridge and buried under a beautiful cedar by the side of a handsome cocker spaniel that was owned by Mrs. Ritchie and was one of the first dogs to be buried in the cemetery of the League.

The same week that the announcement was made in the papers of the death of Rex, in many of the papers was a brief account of a beautiful greyhound that Mrs. Thomas Baxendale, of Brockton, took from the League and had for a number of years. The story of his last sickness and his death was in our issue of March, 1909, and was much commented on by many of our readers. According to the papers Mrs. Baxendale is now intending to put up a handsome stone to his memory at her island home.



BEPPPO.

Perhaps some of the readers of the Boston Post may remember a story of a Spanish sailor, lost from his ship, unable to speak good enough English to tell his story to the officer, who found him wandering about in a dazed condition accompanied by a weary, half-starved dog. When taken to the station house and sentenced to the Island the man wept bitterly about the separation from his dog and the officers at the station were kind enough to comfort him by promising to send "Beppo" where she would be cared for until he was liberated.

Beppo was with us about six weeks. Her master's sentence was shortened through the influence of a minister who is interested in prisoners and who guided the man to the League to claim his dog.

About two weeks ago we were asked to send for a dog belonging to a Spanish sailor, the sailor having been arrested for vagrancy and sentenced to three months at the Island.

As soon as the dog was brought to our kennels there was mutual recognition. "Here is Beppo back again!" exclaimed John, while Beppo, not quite as exhausted and starved as she was when she made her first visit, cheerfully recognized her old friends and made herself at home.

Beppo has shown no restlessness, no discontent. She seems glad to have a regular abiding place and two good meals a day. She eats and sleeps well and has great frolics with her companions. But alas for her when the hot days come. Her long shaggy coat is not the garment for a summer in our city yards, and our

country annex is too well supplied with dogs already.

Since writing the above, Beppo's master appeared suddenly at the League, again let out before his sentence expired. Beppo was taken up into the office where the man sat, a miserable, dirty, dejected object, waiting for his only friend. The dog did not see him at first, but when she turned her head she literally flew to his arms. She flung her paws around his neck. He had arisen to meet her, but in her rapture she threw him back into his chair. She leaped up onto his lap — then down again; she lapped his face all over again and again. She knocked his shabby cap onto the floor and dragged an old blue handkerchief off his neck. It seemed as if she would die of joy and at last she sank exhausted at his side, only to jump up again and encircle him with her paws and lay her head on his shoulder when he got up to go, as if she said, "You must not, you cannot leave me again!"

There were several lookers-on and I think not a dry eye. It was a most affecting scene.

I saw them go down the street with a sad heart wondering what the ultimate fate of this devoted, faithful animal will be.—A. H. S.

A Prize Competition.

Many entertaining papers were written in a prize essay competition promoted by the London Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in which 250 school children in a northern city competed. The ages of the competitors ranged from ten to thirteen years. The principal question was, "In what respects do horses, cows and cats lead happy lives, and in what ways are they to be pitied?"

"Cats lead happy lives, for they have food given them which is good for them, but ours sometimes disagrees with us," wrote one child. "Cats have no bother of doing their hair, yet they always look pretty, and as a rule, clean. To wash they don't have to use cold water, but just lick themselves clean. I am glad I am not a cat, though."

A similar idea occurred to another child who thinks that horses lead an ideal existence because

"they have not to bother about clothes, for as soon as one coat is worn out they grow another."

"Horses," wrote one girl of eleven, "are happy when they play together in the field. They play a game which is called horse-play, and sometimes they are rough. They are to be pitied for not being able to enjoy the sound of music, and for not being able to tell their masters they will not do any more work when he hits them."

"I don't believe cows appreciate their happy lives enough," wrote a ten-year old boy competitor. "They have no compositions to write about us, and have no arithmetic nor geography nor other lessons to do. All their lives the only things they do are to enjoy themselves in a lazy way. I like being lazy myself, but don't often get the chance. Cows seem to be always lazy. All they have to do is to walk about where they can get food, live, eat, drink, and chew the cud. This is happy enough for the cow, I should think."

A little girl wrote: "All people who continue to be cruel after being fined or imprisoned should be promptly and immediately put to death."—*London Daily Mail*.

Visitors' Day.

There will be a Visitors' Day at Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses, Saturday, May 21st, from 11 A. M. until 7 P. M., if pleasant; if not, the first pleasant week day.

The special work of the Home of Rest is giving vacations to working horses needing a few weeks' rest. We take lame horses, tired horses, and horses with sore backs and shoulders that can be got into condition for work by a few weeks' rest and good care. If we do not take them, their owners, being poor men, often put them in auction and replace them with fresher horses. Forty-five horses have been given vacations at Pine Ridge.

A concert will be given at 3.30 in the Bungalow under the management of Miss Katharine Foote. Tickets for one dollar may be procured at the

headquarters of the League, or from Miss Foote, Bridge Street, Dedham, after May 10.

Refreshments will be served on the grounds at small cost. Friends are invited to contribute money, cake, sandwiches and flowers. If enough contributions are received, a cake, candy and flower table will be planned to add to the receipts of the day. Those who are willing to promise donations of sandwiches, cake or flowers, please notify Mrs. Huntington Smith, 51 Carver Street.

Directions for Trains and Electric Cars.

By Electric Car.

Electric cars marked **Needham**, leave Forest Hills elevated station about five minutes of and ten minutes past the hour. Leave the car at Pine Street, **Dedham**, which is five minutes' ride beyond the Charles River bridge. Fare, five cents to the bridge, and five from there to Pine Street. The house is the third on the right on Pine Street, about five minutes' walk from the car.

Time by electric and surface cars from Boston to Pine Ridge about 45 minutes.

By Steam Train.

In the following time table the trains most convenient for visitors to Pine Ridge are given. Carriages are always waiting at the station, fare 25c.

Boston to Dedham by way of Forest Hills, Roslindale and West Roxbury — 9.18, 9.48, 10.48, 11.48 A. M.; 12.48, 1.48, 2.18, 3.18 3.48, 4.18, 4.48 P. M.

Boston to Dedham by way of Hyde Park and Readville — 9.15, 11.15 A. M.; 1.15, 3.15, 4.45 P. M.

Dedham to Boston, by way of Forest Hills, Roslindale and West Roxbury — 11.42 A. M.; 12.42, 1.12, 2.42, 3.12, 4.12, 4.42, 5.12, 6.12 P. M.

Dedham to Boston by way of Hyde Park and Readville — 12.11, 2.11, 4.11, 6.15 P. M.

Time 25 minutes to 35 minutes on train.



AN OLD HORSE PURCHASED BY THE LEAGUE.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

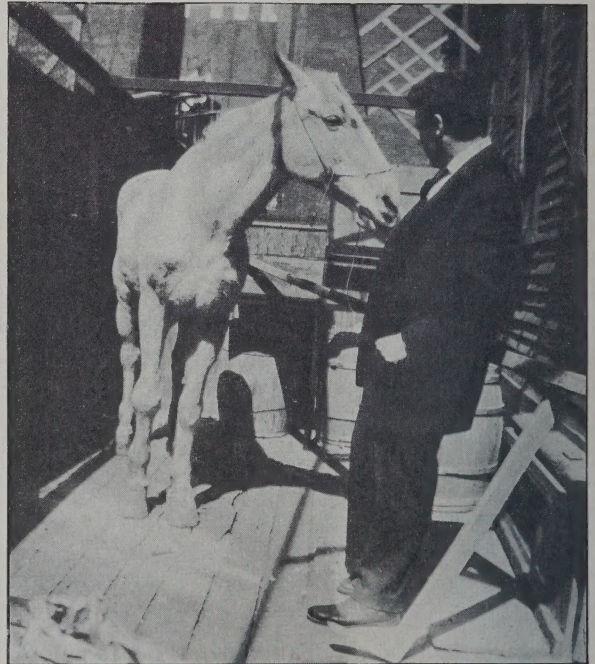
The most notable event of the coming month for the League will be the Benefit for Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses which Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske is to give in the Hollis Street Theatre, Thursday afternoon, May 5. Tickets for the Benefit play are from one to three dollars. Mrs. Fiske's interest in humane work is well known all over the country. She has long been a member of the Animal Rescue League and gave it her valuable assistance in a Benefit seven years ago. That Benefit was for the general work of the League, while this that is to come is expressly to aid us in our work for horses.

One of the directors of the League, Miss Helen Willard, saw the horse, whose picture we show above, on the street March 30, standing harnessed to a large wagon belonging to a junk dealer and apparently very much exhausted. She hastened to the League, which was near by, and got the veterinary doctor to go and examine the horse. He found that he was too old and

feeble to work, and bought him of the man for five dollars. Upon enquiry we found that this man had bought the horse a few weeks previous for \$25.00

We had sixty dogs in our kennels one day this week. A man came in who wanted a dog, who said he loved dogs, but who could not make up his mind to give a home to one of the sixty he saw in our yards. He wanted a dog "he wouldn't be ashamed of." We thought there were at least twenty dogs in our yards that day that no one need to be ashamed of.

This old gray horse was discovered by a friend to horses in Roxbury, March 29, and sent to the League for our doctor to examine. He pronounced him wholly unfit for work and bought him for a small sum. He was led into an enclosure back of our dog kennels where water and food such as could be quickly obtained, were given him. He ate four loaves of bread while he stood there waiting for the ambulance. Too weak and weary even to be carried to our stable, death seemed to be the greatest kindness we could give him.



THE DOCTOR FEEDING THE HORSE WITH BREAD,
BACK OF THE KENNELS.

The League publishes a booklet entitled
“Cemeteries for Animals, Ancient and Modern, and the Life Beyond.”

It is a 32-page booklet with 28 illustrations, and the price is 25c.

The Annual Report is out and will be sent to any one on receipt of 6c. in stamps.

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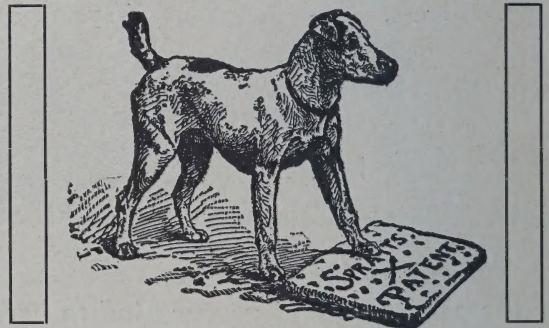
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